rapture^ fills the whole universe with one chant of glorification. ! ^ ' ,! , ' — • .. . , ; '" , "

He is the *Anandam* of the mother's heart knit to the child's heart. He is the *Anandam* in the heart of every way-worn but trustful pilgrim. He is the *Anandam* that thrills with joy the heart of the humble devotee and enraptures the spirit of the- reverent seeker, as he catches gleams of •eternal wisdom. He is the *Anandam* of those, who, when, with the all-unfolding dawn, the sun restarts life from sleep, greet Him with their morning hymns, as He manifests Himself through that Central Luminary. Neither in the heavens nor on the earth nor in: the waters underneath, does He so impressively and enrapturingly manifest Himself as *Anandam* itself as in the charm and the glory of the countenance of the God-devoted one.

He is the *Anandam* of those, who, obsessed with the passion to proclaim His Love and Beneficence, traverse, the world that they may bear witness unto His goodness and grace abiding in the souls of men. And as He has brought into being this ever-enduring and ever-expanding universe even with the (bounty of His love. He has designed and ordained and set to the tune of His

Anandam the whole creation with its myriad contents, making it dance with the celestial symphony of Love. He is. that soul-maddening, soul-translating *Anandam* in which not only is sorrow outlived, grief overcome and privation put down, but the very notion of sorrow, grief and privation becomes impossible unto His children. That is *Anandam* which sets the 'whole frame athrill with the joy of His very embrace accorded unto every child that applies itself to the supreme sacrament of worship.

To approach the Supreme Being, to hold the hands to Him, to bow the head to Him, to talk to Him, to open the heart to Him, to uplift the soul to Him and yet not to receive *Anandam* is the most lamentable of misfortunes. Yet, **He**